

*The Pen Prophet*

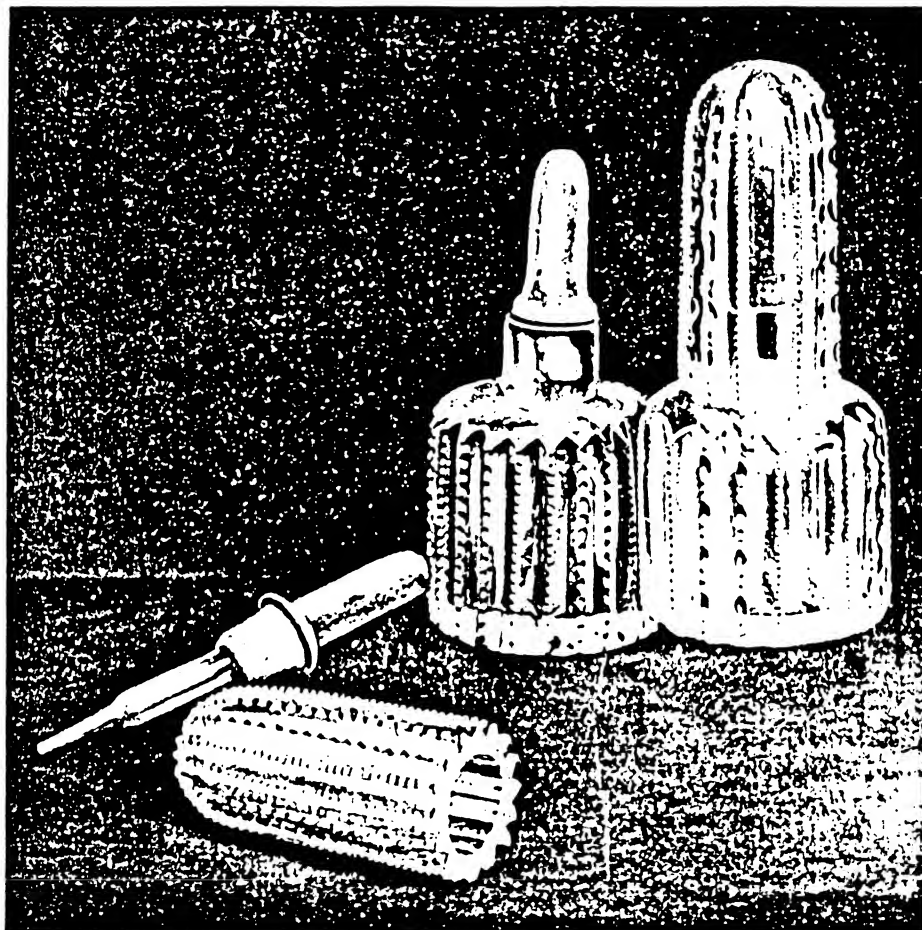
Dip-no-more's' Number



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# A Drinking Fountain for Your Pen



OUR Waterman Ideal gets thirsty once in a while, the interval depending upon its size and how much you use it. It is fastidious. It does not like to drink from the ordinary open inkwell. It requires ink of good quality perfectly protected from dust and evaporation.

Your happiness as a Dip-no-more will be completed by this desk filler of genuine cut glass. It is in perfect keeping with the richest desk furnishings, whether in the home library or the office, and it keeps clean fluid ink where you can get it at a moment's notice.

Our travelers' filler, of sterling silver or Pompeian copper, performs the same service for you and your pen when you are traveling together.

Either of these fillers makes a highly acceptable present for a Dip-no-more.  
A Christmas hint you may like to remember.

173 Broadway

*L. E. Waterman Company*

*New York*



*Are You a* **1903** *Dip-no-more*  
**mas**

Christmas is the season, par excellence, for initiating Dip-no-mores.

A Dip-no-more, as you no doubt know, is a person who has emancipated himself from the old-fashioned pen and inkstand, and found out the comfort and convenience there is in using a Waterman Ideal Fountain pen.

The simple possession of a Waterman Ideal pen constitutes membership in the Society of Dip-no-mores—a society in which there are no dues, no obligations, and the meetings take place whenever two or more members get together and speak well of their pens—as they are sure to do. The Dip-no-more society now numbers about two million persons.

If you are already a Dip-no-more you will want to initiate some of your friends into the society by giving them Waterman Ideal pens for Christmas.

The Ideal pen is also the ideal present. It is permanent; it is for personal use; it may be of small, moderate or considerable cost, as the means of the giver permits. In case it does not suit the recipient's hand it is exchangeable wherever Waterman Ideals are sold—which is practically everywhere.

On pages 6 and 7 of this issue you will find illustrations of a number of Waterman Ideals, with brief descriptions and prices. These plates are

helpful in choosing the general style and price of pen.

For the action—which is the most important matter, it is well to try various pens at the nearest dealer's until you find the one which proclaims itself yours, by the ease and smoothness with which it obeys your will. If you are selecting the pen for a gift, show the pen clerk a specimen of the handwriting of the person for whom you are buying the pen, or obtain a cast-off steel pen, and the probabilities are that you will get the right pen on the first trial. In case the selection is not entirely successful there is no harm done, as Waterman Ideals are exchangeable wherever sold, and the recipient has only to take his new Ideal to the nearest dealer, wherever he may be, and exchange it for another of equal value.

Avoid choosing too small a pen, especially for people who write a great deal. In the long run it is the larger pens which yield the highest measure of satisfaction.

Remember, if you cannot afford a 14-carat solid gold pen, that the Waterman Ideal of the same number in a plain rubber case is in every mechanical respect the equal of its more elegant kindred, and though handsomely mounted pens are undoubtedly desirable for gifts, they are no more perfectly made or thoroughly guaranteed than the plainest pen in the list.



# The Christmas List

## A Monologue, with Appropriate Action



"I haven't an idea in my head."

SCENE—A cozy library, showing Mrs. Alan Marshall seated at a pretty Davenport. Before her is a large, business-like looking sheet of blank paper. She is nibbling the end of a gold-mounted Waterman Ideal pen and frowning.

Mrs. MARSHALL—Now, here are all these people to get Christmas presents for, and I haven't an idea in my head. It's all very well

to think you'll go out and prow around in the shops till you see something, but at this season of the year about all you can see in the shops is the people. I started out yesterday to see if I could pick up some suggestions, but all I picked up was a large piece of my best skirt, which was torn off in the general scramble. I hope it can be mended. At Christmas time you want all your money to spend on other people.

First of all, I'll put down the names. Alan, at the top of the list, of course. I wish some one would invent some practical Christmas presents for men. And there's father! What, in the world can you give to a dear old gentleman who has a whole lot of money and very few wants? And Frank! A bachelor brother is one of the hardest Christmas propositions in the whole list.

Mother is not so difficult. There are plenty of things to give women, whatever their ages and tastes, and mothers always like whatever you give them, anyhow. But what shall I get for Josephine? We have

exchanged Christmas and birthday presents since we were little girls in short dresses, until my dressing table is loaded with things she has given me, and hers is just as bad with the useless trash I have sent her. For one year, at least, I must try and get something different from silver-mounted toilet articles.

Then there's my Sunday-school class—great big fellows, ten of them. They're beyond sleds and skates, and I can't give them gloves and neckties, as if they were relatives.

I think that there ought to be a new profession established—clever people to whom you could go for advice about selecting presents. "John Robinson, Christmas adviser", or "Susan Brown, Specialist on Holiday Gifts." I am sure they would be very useful at this desperate stage which I have reached in my Christmas preparations.

Well, I'll begin and write down the names, anyhow. Perhaps if I attack them one at a time they will seem easier. (*She covers the left margin of the paper with a long list of names, then nibbles her pen again, frowning as before.*)

Alan's presents are so hard to choose. He follows Ruskin's rule of never buying anything that he does not believe to be beautiful and *know* to be useful. It is very commendable, but it makes Christmas a terror to his family and friends. He has smoking jackets enough to last him a life-time, and



"And then, there's father."





"It's such a good pen."

*It rolls off, and she picks it up, anxiously scanning the point.)*

Suppose I had broken it. It's such a good pen. I never could get on without it. Alan borrowed it last night and said it was the best pen— *(She holds it up, and a new idea chases the frozen from her face.)* How stupid I am. That's what I'll get for his Christmas present. A big, plain gold pen, with his name and address engraved on it. A rich, useful present with no nonsense about it. I never should have thought of it if I had not dropped my own pen and remembered how he liked it.

One done; now for father. Unfortunately—for me, not for him—he has used a Waterman Ideal for years, and would as soon be without his watch. He wanted his pen last night in the library and went all the way upstairs for it, rather than use one of the pens in the desk. He really ought to have two. **WHY, OF COURSE, HE OUGHT TO HAVE TWO.** I'll get him the second one; one of the handsome silver-mounted kind, that he can keep ready filled on the library table. And I'll get a silver ink-filler to match it. That will be a Christmas present worth having.

That gives me an idea for Frank, too. He was working over proof sheets last week and said he wished some one would invent an inkstand that gave red ink or black, as the conjuror's pitcher pours wine or water, according to which is wanted. I'll get his two Waterman Ideals exactly alike, except the holders, one of which shall

if I give him furniture or bric-a-brac he and Frank will make comic-paper jokes about the way I buy Christmas presents for myself. I wish he would lose his match box or some of his pocket things. *(Mrs. Marshall pauses and lays her pen on the*

be red and the other black. Then he can keep the corrections and directions on his proof sheets as separate as he wishes.

Now for Josephine. She's so literary and artistic I don't dare give her books and pictures, for I should be sure to choose the wrong ones. Why wouldn't a pen do for her too. I saw a charming one, a design of two silver serpents with jeweled eyes. If it doesn't suit her hand she can exchange it herself. That's one of the many good points about a Waterman Ideal. The people who sell them are so polite and cheerful about exchanges and making things generally happy and satisfactory. I asked a clerk one day what made them so, and he said that the people who made the pens were so anxious to have everyone pleased that they were always ready to do anything in reason to help the dealer be obliging.

Why, pens will do for all these boys, too! What could possibly be better. They are useful and permanent and just personal enough. The pens will help them in their school work and make them careful and tidy.

It begins to look as if I might fill up my list with Waterman Ideals. Well, I might do worse. The Ideal pen seems to be also the ideal Christmas present. It may be as costly or as inexpensive as you please, and the longer the recipient owns it the better he will like it. I never knew it to fail.

To-morrow I'll go down town and order the pens—14 Christmas presents in less than 14 minutes, and no pushing or scrambling, either. I wish I could fill out the rest of the list with something half as satisfactory.

*(She puts the cap on her pen, replaces it carefully in the desk, and rises with a sigh of great relief.)*



"Fourteen presents in less than 14 minutes."